

TL;DR as provided by the old KLF FAQ

The Cape Wrath contract was conceived in a Little Chef diner, the morning after the Glasgow showings and the Pissing in the Wind incident. Bill and Jimmy appeared to be fed up with the reactions they were receiving to the film, which were mainly questions to them, rather than answers. They wanted to use a van Gimpo had borrowed to write the contract on, but he got scared and drove it straight back to London. Thus abandoned Bill and Jimmy phoned Craig McLean, journo, now editor of Blah Blah Blah in Edinburgh and offered him an exclusive story if he would drive them! By the time he got to Newtonmore (just outside Aviemore in the Highlands) they'd hired a G-reg. Nissan Bluebird, drove it up to Cape Wrath (not actually Cape Wrath, but 10 miles down the road), painted the contract on the side and pushed it over the edge. Photos of the car later appeared in Bill's Blah Blah Blah interview (see the archive).

Excerpt from the "A real cliff-hanger" article in Blah Blah Blah (issue 01, April 1996)

Some typos corrected, maybe more added. Black/white pictures are from the original article, except where noted, the rest are added by the transcriber.

Near the edge of Britain we pull up at a fish processing plant at 4.55 on Sunday morning. We are directed back up the road a ways. We drive on and pull into a carpark. The vague grey hulk of a building looms out of the predawn wilderness murk, looking back on a treeless, craggy terrain, looking over towards, say, Iceland. The Rhiconich Hotel, our appointed rendezvous. There is a car already there. A G-reg Nissan Bluebird. In the back are two large, unwrapped greetings cards. They each feature two teddy bears and a bottle of champagne. Out in the bay, out towards the north Atlantic, the shadowy outlines of lobster pots are just visible, bobbing in the frigid water. They seem to be arranged in the shape of a K. Surely not...



The Rhiconich Hotel (today)

We sleep, fitfully, in the car for a couple of hours. At what soldiers and cowboys call 'first light', Bill Drummond and Jimmy Cauty come out of the hotel. We join them for breakfast. There is still no word of what is afoot. "I like the name Rhiconich," says Bill through a mouthful of fried egg. "I suppose because it sounds like 'reconnaissance'." "We had a bit of a nightmare last night," says Jimmy of their unplanned spell in Newtonmore. "Gimpo loved that truck. But it was on hire and he knows he'll have to give it back." Jimmy then asks the hotelier for the location of the nearest cliff. The hotelier gives detailed directions, adding that this bleak, mountainous landscape was the practice base for a recent assault on the world's second highest mountain, K2 (K. There it is again. Is everyone and everything in on this?).



A 1989 Nissan Bluebird Premium (not the real one)

"Ah, but is the cliff over water," asks Bill.

"No."

"Oh, it has to be over water."

Eh?

9am-ish, Sunday. We drive north, us following them. Through a deserted village, past a graveyard, and Jimmy - owner of several armoured vehicles - drives onto a



Balnakeil Old Church and Cemetery

beach and off over the sand. We follow and immediately sink into the sand. Bill, Jimmy, Mark 1 and Mark 2 push us back onto *terra firma*. We trudge through the incoming surf, reach some grass-covered cliffs. Everyone piles into the plucky Bluebird, and we follow a narrow, winding, sand-strewn road along the cliff-tops.

Jimmy drives through a gate signposted 'Military [sic] Of Defence Property, Do Not Enter'. He pulls up at some sort of military observation point with its windows blown out, parking the car on a helipad. All around are cliffs and ocean. In a cliff-top bunker a discarded sheet of paper details an exercise that happened a week ago at this point, here described as "Corte Real (J & I) at Faraid Head". In a table headed '148 (Meiktila) Commando Forward Observatory Battery RA' there are hand-written entries detailing precise times for a "gunfire request", "call for fire" and "end of mission". The commando's 'Remarks' are to the effect of "serial one good procedures, ship requested and end to CX. Therefore waited for range clear."

To sum up: we are not at Cape Wrath but Faraid Head, and not in a derelict military installation but a live bombing range. To further sum up: it's early Sunday morning, grey, cloudy, windy, desolate, the end of Britain, in the company of some men who burnt a million quid of their own cash and two shifty art-anarchist accomplices. And it's bloody scary.



Dune-covered road to Faraid Head



The gate to the defence compound at Faraid Head (open!)



The former Type 80 modulator building, now restored and used as range control tower (helipad in the background)



Bill paints out contract

We are witnessing the laying down of The K Foundation's contract with the rest of the world, "agreeing to end The K Foundation for a period of 23 years." It is just after 11 am, Sunday 5th November 1995, the middle of nowhere. Bill Drummond and Jimmy Cauty are about to sign their contract: on the windscreen of a hired G-reg Nissan Bluebird, in gold pen. But before they agree to "never to speak, write or use any other form of media to mention the burning of one million pounds of their money ... for a period of 23 years" - one final word. Is this the end of the K Foundation?

Jimmy: "Yep."

Bill: "For 23 years."

When did you decide on this?

B: "Eh, yesterday morning at breakfast." You had said 'that in the light of Friday's events there had been a dramatic rethink.' What conclusions did you draw from them?

J: "I think... I... I actually think the best... you'd be best getting it from Mark and Mark, all of this, cos they were part of it. And they I think, they have a clearer... cough."

B: "Yeah, we haven't got no clue at all at the moment."

Bill and Jimmy take a brush and a tin of Bailey's White Gloss paint out of the boot. They begin to paint the car, Bill and Jimmy taking it in turns. The words "£1 million" fill the passenger-side door panels. Bill is on the roof, daubing on more words. Jimmy is on the bonnet, slapping on more figures. Mark II runs around, hefting a hand-held camcorder not unlike the one with which Gimpo filmed the burning of the million quid. Pretty soon the whole car is covered in dripping scrawl.



Bill adds some extra conditions. Mark the 2nd witness looks on.



Bill finishes off paint job

J: "That, *that* is what we have learnt. That's what we learnt on Friday. We're in no position to comment... on anything." Is that in itself a comment on the nature of art and money?

B: "Nah it's just a comment on the fact that we haven't got it to... we haven't got what it takes, we just can't express it."

J: "Nah, I wouldn't say that, no, we've got what it takes, we just can't express it."

B: "We haven't got what it takes to... articulate it."

What does the contract articulate?

J: "Just read it. It's pretty straightforward..."

Is that the closest you come to saying what this is all about?

B: mumble lost in the wind

J: "Nah, I think that really you're best asking these two geezers."

Well. Okay. If you've learnt one thing from the 23rd of August last year until 5th November this year, what is it?

J: "I don't know yet. We'll have to wait and see. Tell you in 23 years."

B: "It was worth burning the million quid though."

J: "Oh yeah, it was definitely worth it."

Jimmy, did you burn a million quid?

J: "Ah, no."

Bill, did you burn a million quid?

B: "I'm afraid we did."

What's the difference between art-terrorism and media stunts?

J: "There's... Lets' sign the thing..."

They sign the windshield. "There isn't a fence where we're going," says one of the Mark's.

"Where you're going," he adds. "There isn't a fence. We don't have to worry about that," states Bill.

Jimmy is fiddling underneath the bonnet. "What are you doing?" Bill asks. "I'm taking of the radiator cap so it smokes more as it goes over."

The paint-daubed car that belongs to someone else is positioned 100 yards back from the cliff-edge. Jimmy guns the engine. Bill swigs from a bottle of whiskey. Mark I scampers round with the camcorder. Mark II scampers round looking for a safe perch. We do likewise.

A boat laying lobster-pots putts into view in the crashing waters down below. Jimmy and Bill hang back. The boat putts away. Jimmy gets back in the car.

A couple in matching shell-suits wander into view, walking their dogs. Everyone stares at the ground, scuffing pebbles with their toes, whistling tunelessly. The couple disappear round a bend.



From the KFBAMQ book

Finally. The engine is re-gunned, hearts are re-fluttered, Jimmy jumps clear, Bill stands back, the car rolls forward, smoke billows out, the car gathers speed, the hearts stop beating, the car clears the cliff, the photographer slips, the car plunges over the edge, ricocheting once, crunching, spinning, impacting, exploding with a dull crump and no flames 600 feet below Faraid Head. The K Foundation have left the artworld.



K Sera Sierra. The K Foundation wave goodbye to their hire car and their no-claims bonuses

Mark II chucks a packet of grass over the cliff. "Well, the place is gonna be crawling with cops any minute..."

Excerpt from "Gimpo's Tale part 2" in K Foundation Burn a Million Quid

So me and Bill went out with the two Marks, had a few bevvies with them, then I went back to the house and went straight to the truck and slept in the truck. In the morning I went in, knocked them up and me, Bill and Jimmy went down the caff. They're talking and Jimmy's going, 'We're stupid, what are we doing this for?' Jimmy was pissed off with the idea saying, 'Let's fucking forget it and get rid of it' and stuff. Bill was saying, 'Yeah, yeah, alright – fine' ... and they came up with the idea of getting rid of the whole thing – the truck, everything ... burning it or driving it off a cliff or something. And I just said, 'Great, I've never been to the top of Scotland!' And they just looked at each other like that was enough reason for them to go.

Jimmy looked at me and said, 'How much would a new truck cost?' Obviously they'd have to buy another ... this one was hired.

Then Marc Hawker and Mark 2 turned up and Bill and Jimmy told them they weren't happy with things the way they were going, and the Marks started talking to them about it saying, 'Well, you've got to say something more about the burning otherwise people are going to be asking you "why?" all the time.' There was a whole big discussion going on; I was pissed off I hadn't got my camera with me. Bill started phoning around to get hotel and ferry information. Mark 2 went out to the local map shop to find out where the highest cliff was. Bill was saying we should go to Cape Wrath because they were 600 feet high, but I'd thought it was John O'Groats. Jimmy was walking around looking nervous, picking his nose and fingers and rolling his cigarettes. Marc Hawker was phoning around trying to cancel some of the screenings he'd lined up. A journalist phoned up and we told him to phone back in 15 minutes telling him today's stuff was cancelled. But they wanted to take a journalist with them. Anyway, so they got it together ... Marc Hawker was saying, 'What am I doing?' and we told him if he wasn't happy with it he didn't have to come with us, but he decided to and it was him that then brought up the idea of the contract in one of the caffs on the way up there.

At the next caff he'd worked out the wording and that was the caff I left them in. When we were driving up there I was trying to talk them out of it saying, 'Look, it's harder for you two – you've decided to do something now, so just do it. Cancel the K Foundation and everything, but don't bother with the gesture; it's too easy for you to do that – I know you're capable of doing it ... we know you can push a truck off a cliff, you've got the bottle to do it.' But for them the bottle would be to not actually turn up for the journalist. They'd given the film to me – they could just stop it and not do it anymore. I said to them it would be even harder for them not to make the big gesture – it would actually be *more* of a gesture to themselves ... one that wouldn't be shown to anyone else. But they said no and then Bill said to me, 'Have you ever seen a truck go off a cliff before?' I said, 'No' and he said, 'Well ...' and I couldn't argue any more.

As we were driving up there it started going through my mind ... fucking hell, hang about – I let them burn £1 million, they haven't got any more money coming in, they've kids there ... I told Jimmy it was going to cost £20,000 for this truck – but it might cost £40,000! People have said to me, 'When they burnt the million quid, didn't you try to stop them?' Or, 'Didn't you try to nick som?' and no, I didn't; they're mates, I just let them do it ...

Bill wanted to drive and I'm sitting in the back of the van and it's all quiet and I'm thinking about what to do. I thought I'd let them get to the hotel and then I'd get up and drive away from the hotel and go back to London. Drive back – fuck it! I'll dump them there and I'll come back. They've given me the film; they're going to drive over the edge of the cliff; they've got the projector in there and everything, the whole lot – and they've got a generator which we just hired off someone who did us a favour ... So I was thinking of all this stuff ... and that we had these people to see tomorrow at the Buddhist monastery ... so I thought forget all that but I'll go

back to London and do the rest of the tour. It was basically me just standing up and saying 'No' – I'd been trying to help them to not do a gesture, to drive away from it 'cos if you're not happy about something, you *can* fuck off. I was trying to stop them.

So when it started to get dark, we decide to stop to get something to eat. So we're in this caff, on the A9 between Glasgow and Inverness ... they're starting to write the contract out again and thinking about it and joking, and I'm thinking to myself 'Shall I go? ... and if I go why wait till the morning? I can go off now and fill up with diesel and just fuck off. Leave them here.' We'd eaten there and it was a horrible caff – the woman was horrible to us. Great place to leave them. If you asked for another cup of tea, she'd go, 'Why didn't you order it at first?' One of those sort of places like you see in hillbilly American movies with the car park half a field with gravel on, and the little hut at the back of it they think is the poshest hut in town and there's fuck all there.

So anyway, I had to drive up the road to the petrol station and ask them for a number of a local taxi firm and try to book a taxi to go to Glasgow for Mr Drummond. So that was the idea and then they'd know about it. But after I filled up, the taxi place said, 'You haven't got a chance, it's Saturday night' – so I just thought 'Fuck it, I'll leave them.' I drove back past the caff and looked to see them sitting in the window, but they didn't see me – I was hoping they hadn't started to walk up the road to look for me. I'd left the camera on the table pointing at them.

After a mile I realised I couldn't bottle out now and bombed it back to Glasgow, leaving all that crap like 'Shall I leave them?' or 'Should I go back?' behind. Fuck it. Go! So I got all the way back to Glasgow, got to Mac's house and took all their stuff and left it in the kitchen. I wanted to get away from Glasgow 'cos I thought they'd be close on my heels and take the truck off me or try and talk me out of it, whatever ... Then I drove all the way to London in one go, got back at five in the morning. My wife says, 'What you doing here?' and I said, 'I've just left them.'

They hired a car and took that up to Cape Wrath and pushed that off, with the contract daubed all over it. So I tried to stop them but it didn't work. They did it somehow anyway.

And I always wanted to dump a band somewhere – going back to roading days.

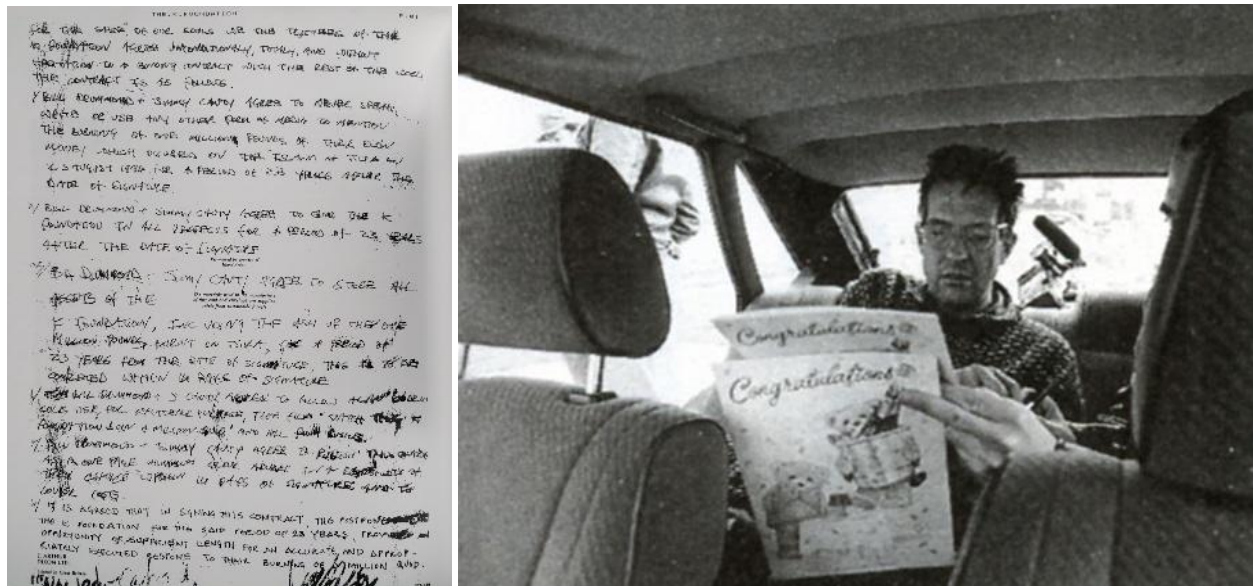
The text of the info sheet handed out during the latter stages of the film tour - information from the KLF FAQ March 1997 (in the Summer 1996 FAQ version Gimpo is named as Alan Cole instead of Goodrick, and the signature line is "(signed J Cauty, B Drummond, Alan Cole, Mark J Hawker, 9 Nov 1995)" with the 9 probably being a misread 4)

For the sake of our souls we the trustees of the K Foundation agree unconditionally, totally, and without hesitation to a binding contract with the rest of the world, the contract is as follows.

- 1) Bill Drummond + Jimmy Cauty agree to never speak, write or use any other form of media to mention the burning of one million pounds of their own money which occurred on the Island of Jura on 23 August 1994 for a period of 23 years after the date of signature.
- 2) Bill Drummond + Jimmy Cauty are free to end the K Foundation in all respects for a period of 23 years after the date of signature.
- 3) Bill Drummond + Jimmy Cauty agree to store all assets of the K Foundation, including the ash of the one million pounds burnt on Jura, for a period of 23 years from the date of signature. This is to be completed within 14 days of signature.
- 4) Bill Drummond + J Cauty agree to allow Alan Goodrick use, for whatever purpose, the film "Watch The K Foundation Burn A Million Quid" and all film rushes.
- 5) Bill Drummond + Jimmy Cauty agree to publish this contract as a one page advert in a broadsheet of their choice within 14 days of signature and to cover costs.
- 6) It is agreed that in signing this contract, the postponing the K Foundation for the said period of 23 years, provides opportunity of sufficient length for an accurate and appropriately executed response to their burning of a million quid.

(signed in Gold pen on the windscreen: J Cauty, B Drummond, (Mark 1), Mark J Hawker (Mark 2), 5 Nov 1995)

In The KFBAMQ book there is a photo of what seems to be a faxed copy of the contract, scrawled on the back of what is probably one of the two large postcards that can be seen in two the Blah Blah Blah photos, this version mostly matches the Summer 1996 FAQ version, with some exceptions noted in the caption



Some perceived differences compared to the Summer 1996 FAQ version: "A ONE PAGE [MAXIMUM something] ADVERT" rather than "a one page advert", "POSTPONEMENT OF" rather than "postponing" and "PROVIDES AN OPPORTUNITY" rather than "provides opportunity". The signatures are not easily identified.

According to the KLF FAQ the info sheets later developed into this text (with some variations), repeated in two newspaper adverts, one of which appeared in the Times on 8 Dec, the same day the film was due to be shown for the final time in Brick Lane, London

On the 5th November 1995, Cauty and Drummond signed a contract agreeing to end The K Foundation for a period of 23 years. This postponement 'provides opportunity of sufficient length for an accurate and appropriately executed response to their burning of a million quid'. Cauty and Drummond have rescued themselves from the burden of an impossible explanation. Their fate now lies irrevocably sealed in the imploded remains of a Nissan Bluebird nestling among the rocks 120 feet below Cape Wrath.

In the KFBAMQ book there is also a reproduction of an advert with a text largely similar to the above, said to have been printed in The Guardian 8 Dec, and which matches information in a notice about CLUB DISOBEY in NME 25 Nov

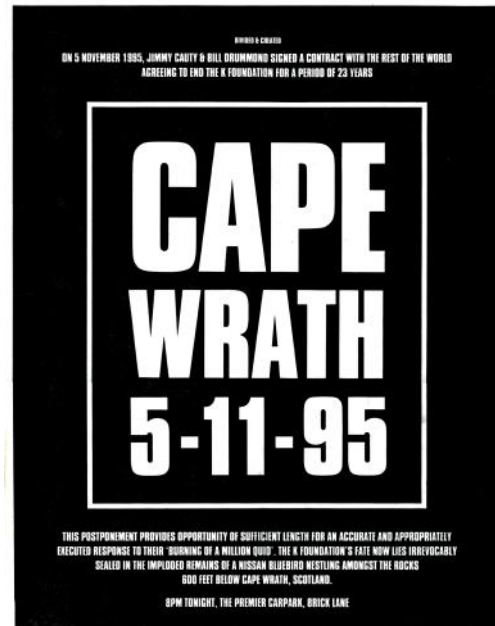
DIVIDED & CREATED

ON 5 NOVEMBER 1995, JIMMY CAUTY & BILL DRUMMOND SIGNED A CONTRACT WITH THE REST OF THE WORLD AGREEING TO END THE K FOUNDATION FOR A PERIOD OF 23 YEARS

CAPE WRATH 5-11-95

THIS POSTPONEMENT PROVIDES OPPORTUNITY OF SUFFICIENT LENGTH FOR AN ACCURATE AND APPROPRIATELY EXECUTED RESPONSE TO THEIR 'BURNING OF A MILLION QUID'. THE K FOUNDATION'S FATE NOW LIES IRREVOCABLY SEALED IN THE IMPLoded REMAINS OF A NISSAN BLUEBIRD NESTLING AMONGST THE ROCKS 600 FEET BELOW CAPE WRATH, SCOTLAND.

8 PM TONIGHT, THE PREMIER CARPARK, BRICK LANE



CLUB DISOBEY notice in NME 25 Nov, 1995, text according the Library of Mu archive

The K Foundation and London's avant garde nighterie CLUB DISOBEY will host an event at 8pm on December 8th, where they will show the K Foundation film - previewed at In The City in Manchester earlier this year - and give people a chance to buy frames from it.

Held in the car park in Brick Lane in London's Whitechapel - currently becoming one of London's hottest new venues after Panasonic's art-terrorist demonstration three weeks ago - there will be a showing of the film of Bill Drummond and Jimmy Cauty burning a million quid.

Punters will then have the opportunity to purchase one second of the film. This will be a once only offer. Admission is free. For further info ring the DISOBEY hotline on 0181-960 9529.

Some further reading

- Blah Blah Blah issue #1 1996
 - “A real cliff-hanger” (text by Craig McLean, photos by Drew Farrell)
- K Foundation Burn A Million Quid (edited by Chris Brook, 1997)
 - “Gimpo’s Tale Part 2” (Gimpo)
 - photos of “the postcard contract”, “the Times advert” and some from the events on Faraid Head (Gimpo)
- The KLF: Chaos, Magic and the Band who Burned a Million Pounds (John Higgs, 2012)
 - “Prologue: The Fuckers Burned the Lot”

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